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THE ARTIGUM

of the MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL



B O S T O N

The ARTGUM

of the MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL

JUNIOR NUMBER



MR. N. C. WYETH
Working on Paintings for The First National Bank



Vol. IV

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No. 4

N. C. WYETH, PAINTER AND
ILLUSTRATOR
by Anton Kamp

Needham in Massachusetts is the birthplace of N. C. Wyeth. I make mention of this fact, primarily, so that I may have the pleasure of *weaving* about this man's life and deeds the many incidental stages that played—if not an important part, yet one that was not wholly inconspicuous in moulding and building up his career. The surroundings and customs of this New England village have made their indelible impressions on his life. In Colonial days, long before young England severed its peaceful relations with Old England, Needham, a tract of land about ten by five miles square, was bought by the settlers of Dedham from a befriended Indian chief, Nehoiden. This tract eventually became what is known as the township of Needham today, bordered on its southern side by the River Charles—typical, fragmentary country, composed of hills, woods and meadow land. Its ever interesting scenic beauty, never stagnant or monotonous, is washed by the waters of this placid stream that slowly winds its way to the sea.

"Quin-a-be-quin," or "Curve after curve," is the Indian name for it and justly deserved, for one who glides over its sombre surface is impressed with the ever changing direction in its meanderings thru woods and meadow.

Along this peaceful stream on the old South Road stands a colonial farm house, a true example of that modest and

simple type of New England homestead which in bygone years, especially during and after the Revolution, served in the capacity of a tavern. It eventually became the home of J. D. Zirngiebel, a horticulturist of national reputation, and the maternal grandfather of N. C. Wyeth.

On this estate, in a house adjoining his grandfather's, Newell Converse Wyeth was born, October the twenty-second, 1882. His father, the descendant of an old New England family, possessing a strong love for agricultural pursuits, established himself here with his wife about two years before his son's birth.

Simplicity ruled the household, so amiable and wholesome in its entirety. Economy, in a just sense, was a family watchword; and the boy with his brothers, for there were three that followed him, were taught to be useful.

The father instructed his boys in what needed attention and the good mother saw to it that they carried out the chores before the sun cast its rays of gold beyond the western hills.

These various duties, pleasurable but sometimes irksome, made distinct impressions on the boy who was approaching his tenth year, for even at this early age, the farm with its varied surroundings was a constant thrill of happy occurrences.

There was the river and its primitive inducements; the stream whose silvery surface had carried to and fro the In-

dians that tarried about the early settlements of Dedham and Dover. It abounded with bass and pickerel, and this alone is an almost undescribable pleasure of boyhood, when with expectant gaze he awaits the instant dash of the swift fish that lurks among the rushes and lily pads.

Slowly, yet decidedly, thru the daily task the desire to express himself in crayon or pencil became apparent. He drew and regarded with reverence the things that surrounded him, as well as the sports and pastimes he enjoyed with his brothers and playmates.

Swimming, boating, coasting, snow-balling, skiing, and occasional excursions up river eventually built up the stores of material from which these early pictures were made. And as he advanced into boyhood, his imagination ever increasing, the desire for graphic expression became, decidedly, a matter of necessity.

He attended the little district school house near his home and much of the good encouragement that he received during these years he attributes to his teacher, Miss Mary Glancy. Her ever alert faculty for individual encouragement to her pupils meant much to him.

A good many boys possess at some period of their early life a slight desire to draw, but comparatively few retain it for any great length of time. It was not this type of drawing that had already taken so strong a hold on young Wyeth, for he possessed, at this early age, that rare and outstanding feature of his art—namely the ability to set down in line and mass, ideas and action as they came up before him in his daily routine.

This singular quality is perhaps today one of the strongest features in the art of N. C. Wyeth; this love for life, which is ever manifested in his works, is something that can only come from the very depths for it must be inborn. Yet, despite the hope that flares within one in pursuit of an ideal, the best encouragement may not always come from home.

The father was a practical man and had little understanding of art. To him it was a good pastime—a “hobby”—but hardly a promising thing by which his oldest son could earn his livelihood; so he began to cast about among various pro-

fessions for one that the youth might be prepared.

He was now attending the Mechanic Arts High School where he might be trained to serve under the guidance of an architect or engineer. But in vain. The green woods and the stream's shimmering surface had already made their lasting impressions; all other attempts were but stepping stones toward the eventual goal. Returning home from school, his imagination would dwell on a possible picture subject or, perhaps, he would stroll to the historic Onion Farm across the river and there rummage thru the attic looking over relics of bygone days that singularly delighted him. On one such trip he found a powder horn which quickly preyed upon his desires. After well conceived maneuvers, it fell from a rear window and eventually was found at home among his possessions.

Then, there was the polo field at Karlstein where Boston society came to participate in the much practised sport. Here Mr. Wyeth got much of his knowledge of horses and their actions. His rapid sketches of these animals and their mounts mark an important epoch in his development in illustrating western life. He was in and out of the stables and about the field and his pictures of horses created considerable local interest—to such a degree, in fact, that he was commissioned to paint several of these animals for their owners.

Every step in drawing he made, brought home the fact, again and again, that this was undeniably to be his career; and after some speculation and the efforts of his mother and an equally interested aunt, he was permitted to attend the Mass. Normal Art School.

Here, he came under the instruction of Richard Andrew, and as he told me many years after—his entry into the field of illustration was brought about by the instructor's criticism of a drawing of a fox's head.

“Mr. Andrew told me that my drawing had the qualities of a drawing made for illustration—and right there I jumped at a straw. But it came about that sincerity of purpose, especially so in an art school brought forth little encouragement from the majority of instructors; and cleverness of execution

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Parkman's Oregon Trail

"THE PARKMAN OUTFIT. HENRY CHATILLON, GUIDE AND HUNTER."

COURTESY OF HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



"THE COURTSHIP OF MYLES STANDISH"

meant more—for tricks and stunts in drawing got the higher rewards. This was more than I could understand and I cast about for a new school."

It resulted in his going to Eric Pape's and after that working with an illustrator by the name of Reed who had a studio on West St. Reed was an interesting story teller and his experiences in the Civil War were the constant topic of conversation. He encouraged Mr. Wyeth's drawing of pictures of animals and constantly impressed on him the unquestionable importance of life and action in picture making. Lack of virility in a composition meant a total loss of good in a picture and by Mr. Reed this never-to-be neglected fact was constantly driven home. It was here, too, that he first heard of Howard Pyle and thru the advice of a friend wrote to this nationally known artist.

In Wilmington, Howard Pyle had established a school for the purpose of preparing promising young men for the field of illustration, which at that time was still in its infancy. Pyle himself was, yet, actively connected with book and magazine illustration but was also preparing for mural decoration. Men from all over the country came to study under him and the project proved so successful an undertaking that Mr. Pyle finally built a number of studios in which selected students could work individually.

But I am getting ahead of my tale. Look back to October in 1902 when a lad of nineteen arrived in Wilmington, after having received a letter from Mr. Pyle that he might come on to be interviewed. He was not a total stranger left to his own resources in this city—for a companion of other days, Clifford Ashley, was there to greet him. Ashley started under Pyle some time before and was well enough informed to give Mr. Wyeth a helping hand in finding his way about. The following day he met Mr. Pyle, and I will give you his own impression and description of the man.

"I met Mr. Pyle Saturday morning. One of the most pleasant men I ever met; he is stern but open hearted. Just think, he built an \$8000 studio just for the boys as he called them. Pyle said, 'I do this for them because it continually opens up new things to me.' Mr. Pyle

is about six feet three inches tall and has a terrible strong face, a very square jaw and is very wide between the eyes."

Enthusiastic to the very bottom of his heart he received his master's advice and as he told me years after—"that for a week I did not know what to do—for altho my work showed promise and was practical, Howard Pyle sternly emphasized that hard work, constantly applied, and the living of a simple life are the two things that would bring about my making."

Homesickness is a part of almost all of us and it did not overlook our young hero—there in Wilmington many weary miles away from home. Being in a city, the green fields or sunburnt hills of Autumn were not going to greet his eyes each morning as he arose. But his purpose for being there, which had taken a deep root, soon overpowered such temporary spells of depression and with the cheery companionship of the boys now and then breaking in upon him after a hard day's work, he soon overcame the decided longing for home. I do not mean by this that he became immune to homesickness, for many a spell followed during the course of the next ten months.

Composition lectures were of vital importance, and each succeeding one proved greater than the one before. He was alert and got vast stores of material from the words of his master. His background at home played an important part in the bringing about of his pictures at this early stage of development, and Howard Pyle was ever encouraging. Farm scenes, haying, and many such rural occupations were employed in doing the problems of these first weeks. It is remarkable with what strictness Wyeth adhered to the rules of living in these days. His purse, which was never bursting with money, was held in account on all purchases. His letters home, at this time, tell of various articles that made up his studio belongings and the prices paid for them. Socks at twelve and one half cents a pair turned out to be a worthless investment, for they soon gave way to holes.

Before long, however, his work became practical and an opportunity to work for publication presented itself.

His first illustrations, appearing in Leslie's and Success Magazine, gave way

to encouragement toward a bright future that would be well rewarded financially. This future, so eagerly looked into, was not within his immediate grasp—the needed money to sustain him for the present was often late in coming forth—and in these emergencies a check from home was the only way of mending the evil.

One day Mr. Pyle asked Mr. Wyeth to come to his studio—for a matter of importance was ripe for discussion. And the scene that followed marked one of the most important events that ever occurred between Master and Student. Pyle expressed his opinions on Mr. Wyeth and his work and invited him to become a regular student—a member of H.P.S.A., an honor conferred only by invitation from the Master to a student whose work was exceptionally promising. Enthusiasm in the heart of the young artist struck a new high mark—for in a letter to his mother he quoted the entire scene, word for word and what it really meant.

To do as Pyle wished, he had to abandon his works for publication for at least a year and whatever help he needed in money matters would have to come from him—which at times made him feel embarrassed. He was approaching his twenty-first year and as he often said in his letters, "It is time that I were self-supporting."

Well supported by years of experience, Howard Pyle had formed a system under which those pupils who came directly under him were taught. Thru this course Mr. Wyeth progressed for the remainder of the spring of 1903 in Wilmington. Then the scene changes to Chadds Ford in Pennsylvania, where Mr. Pyle had a summer estate, which eventually became the village in which Mr. Wyeth established his home.

Extremely interesting periods of work and recreation followed throughout the summer and early Autumn months. Several of the boys clubbed together and boarded with a farmer and his wife; an old grist mill, a short way off, was utilized as a studio.

Each composition and landscape seemed better than the preceding one—for the valley of the Brandywine was a land of milk and honey, especially in its historical

wealth. Tours to all the points of interest, haying and gardening and many such occupations, all gave birth to reactions that turned their fruitful efforts into the stepping stones of this period.

Saturdays or the week-end usually brought on the criticism, and then the reward for a hard week's work—an entertainment by the Master for his pupils, with a goodly dinner at his home upon the hill.

Singularly virile was the period in building up these young illustrators for their calling, and its fruitfulness has shown itself in many a book and magazine since those days. Chadds Ford stirred within the heart of Mr. Wyeth that strong desire to illustrate nothing but what would have a direct bearing on his native land whether in historical pictures or in the expression thru the means of trappers, pioneers, the tillers of the soil or last but not least—the American Indian.

At this last mentioned subject he soon got his opportunity. F. E. Schonover had come back from a trip into the north woods where he had lived the rugged life of the "Out of doors," and thru the revelation of his experiences kindled the hopes of his contemporary, who was beginning to direct his visions toward the western plains. His master had promised him leave of absence to become more familiar with the frontier and plainsman's life and also to gather first hand information of the habits and customs of the Indians. It was Howard Pyle's firm belief that in order to paint a particular subject one must first become thoroughly versed in all its ways. He must sense deeply of the fact and substance of the object he intends to portray in form and color, or perhaps to express it more profoundly—must live the very life that he intends to perpetuate in pictures.

And so early in the fall of 1904 Mr. Wyeth left Wilmington for Colorado where his plans were laid to take part in the great "round-up."

The period, which in all lasted about four months, was one of the most thrilling and educational from a direct contact point of view that the young artist had experienced up to this time.

He spent days on the plains, miles from civilization and almost a day's ride from his nearest neighbor. After having spent the best part of a month in taking an actual hand in the rounding up of cattle, branding, and many of the other nondescript occupations of a rancher's life, he went back to Denver and put his adventures of these first weeks on canvas. His letters home at this time reek with the enthusiasm for the life he was living and the healthy and strong condition it was leaving him in. From here he directed his course to the Navajo Reservations in New Mexico, where for a short period he became employed in the Government service as a mail rider, making lengthy trips on horseback between stations and settlements. Shortly after his arrival on the reservation he deposited the bulk of his little fortune that he had carried with him for expenses with the trader in charge of the post.

As luck would turn out, his money and some three hundred dollars belonging to the trading post was "taken in" by a raiding party of Mexicans who made a fortunate get away after binding and gagging the trader.

This left Mr. Wyeth in a stranded condition, for that eighty-five dollars was all that held him between God's wide open spaces and home.

But it was just one more priceless experience heaped upon the many that had come to him in the last two months and he made the best of it without complaining.

His active mind was constantly on the watch for all sorts of information, for he was in a country where words were few and the Indians conveyed ideas mainly thru gestures. He pursued with an integrity of purpose the life of the tribes and made numerous sketches in pencil of the redskins—for although he had carried his camera with him for the sole purpose of using it among them—he failed, due to a strong suspicion they held against the apparatus.

This trip proved to be a most fruitful one and it gave him that desired background that he had so long looked forward to. It made him the most popular of Howard Pyle's students, for on his return to Wilmington his work became

a matter of demand. The Saturday Evening Post, Harpers, Scribners, and many other national publications went to him with manuscripts, especially of western stories, to be illustrated. And from that day on, his work has been in constant demand.

Though fortune had opened her portals to him thru the medium of illustration, Mr. Wyeth soon sensed the necessity of working for a still greater art than that of story illustration. His master occasionally conferred with him about his future and during these inspiring talks, Howard Pyle would strongly advise him to cut down on his magazine work and devote half of his time to the painting of pictures, that is, landscape, portrait and genre which would serve other purposes than just that of publication.

Mr. Wyeth had expressed long before this that it was his ultimate hope to become a landscape painter, and was attaining his ambition thru the path of his present occupation. He felt that his work in illustration was aiding him and also building up that background which would be so great a helpmate when he came to reproducing the cosmic spirit of his native land.

His devotion to his home brought about the only interruption in his labors during these years—for after an interval of several months, he always turned his way to Needham. A trip to Vermont on foot with his brothers, or a visit to the haunts of former days along the river and the surrounding country mark his stays which usually were not long, at least not as long as he should like them to have been.

He had little care for social affairs either here or at Wilmington and only seldom took part in dances. He hoped that the man who invented dress suits had been burned alive and this same spirit of freedom for wholesome and simple modes of living marks the course of his entire life.

He longs to be in constant touch with nature and partake of all her ruggedness. He cares nothing about finery or its many allies which tend to hold humanity in a state of subjection and slavery. To ride on a buckboard or buggy afforded him a greater thrill than he could ever experience from a costly automobile. He has always felt this urge of keeping in

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Parkman's Oregon Trail

"BUFFALO HUNT"

COURTESY OF LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY



Parkman's Oregon Trail

"THE INDIAN WAR PARTY"

constant touch with nature, for she can only be justly approached thru her own sympathetic channels.

In 1906 Mr. Wyeth married Miss Carolyn Bochiue of Wilmington, both remaining in Wilmington until they established themselves in their present home at Chadds Ford, where they have lived practically always except for a brief period of two and a half years spent on the old homestead in Needham. From the time of his marriage to the present, his years have been one continuous period of labor, except a possible two or three days' vacation at long intervals. I hardly doubt if he stopped working during these rest periods, for anyone of a creative nature knows no such time as that which can be noted down as a period of idleness. A month or six weeks during the summer was always spent at home with his parents and on these occasions, like any of the others that preceded or followed, his work always tarried along with him.

Then years ago an old pump house on his grandfather's estate served him as the studio in which he painted his Kidnapped series, for R. L. Stevenson's book. So while summering at Port Clyde on the Maine Coast he has illustrated many an author's manuscript.

He is a true lover of books and does much reading, and on one of my first visits to his studio some years ago, told me that one of the faults he had to find with the majority of painters was that they did not read enough—not of fiction but of the books that would play a vital part in the unfolding of themselves to their art. Tolstoi, Thoreau and Romain Rolland are only three of the many whose works have reacted as greatly upon him as the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Millet or Segantini.

He partakes of any sort of an experience for the sake of drawing the essence of life from what it has to offer, and takes as much interest in cutting down a tree or ploughing on his estate as he would in grappling with the most intricate composition for an illustration or decoration. And this accounts chiefly for the animation that exists in everything that his hand touches. In working on a picture that becomes a part of the composition, he sides with the escaping warrior on horseback whose fleet-footed ani-

mal is carrying him over a rocky stretch of waste land in his effort to elude his enemies. This is the secret of his success in composition, secret if we care to consider it as such. It repeats itself again and again to the same good tale, that of sensing life and observing alertly and closely without interruption. Only then are we prepared to compose.

Faure in his history of art speaks of composition as the "introduction of intellectual order in the chaos of sensations. It is personal; it belongs only to that artist who is capable, through his own power of discovering in nature a few essential directions which reveal to him the law of her general movements. If composition does not express a living unity of forms, of colors and of sentiments, it is a worn out garment that covers nothing. A fruit, a glass, any bit of life, or anything two-toned set beside each other harmoniously take on an eternal value in contrast to the 'well composed' large picture which expresses no intimacy between him who conceived it and the still inexhaustible world of sensations and of ideas."

The names of Vermeer van Delft and Chardin come to my mind as I quote the above lines.

Thus thru the years this man has steadily ascended in the field of American illustration, raising it ever higher to a level where he has become the leader in this field of graphic expression.

So prolific has his work been that at the present time more than twenty volumes of the classics are adorned with his pictures, and possibly many yet to come. However, book illustrations has held its place in his life for that length of time only when it might mould him for a still higher and greater art, namely, that of Mural decoration. His commissions in this field have been steady in the last eight years and many of us probably recall at this reading his work in the Federal Reserve Bank and also the First National Bank in Boston.

Never has he forgotten the important point of story telling, in these two as well as his other series of panels.

When the problem of decorations for the two panels in the Federal Reserve Bank was put forth to him, his imagination at once dwelt on the financial history of our country.



N. C. WYETH, PAINTER AND ILLUSTRATOR



"CITY OF TYRE"

One of the Four Panels in The First National Bank



"THE MODERN TRAMP STEAMER"

One of the Four Panels in The First National Bank

Alexander Hamilton founded our present financial system and is here pictured laying his plans before Washington and Morris. The policy that he outlined still prevails today. Not only was this a supreme subject for the possibility of displaying three of the prominent men of the Revolution but it also involved that entire period with its gorgeous costumes, its simple interiors and, in general, the entire romantic and subtle period of the latter part of the eighteenth century. In the other panel, Salmon P. Chase, the founder of our National Bank System which saved the union during the Civil War, played another conspicuous part in the history of finance in this great land of ours. Lincoln who was torn with the anxieties of this hazardous period of the American nation—played a prominent part in the making of this mural painting. Authentic to the very apples that stand before him in the glass fruit dish, it points to the profoundness which Mr. Wyeth so genuinely proves in the making of his pictures. As I write this, it brings to mind a singular story of a happening that took place when the preliminary sketches were submitted to the committee of bankers and architects.

One of the gentlemen who sat among them, after some deliberation, came forth with the question, "What have the apples got to do with the picture of Lincoln and Chase?" It brought forth a mild smile and then Mr. Wyeth unfolded the simple story of how Lincoln, when most oppressingly confronted by a matter of

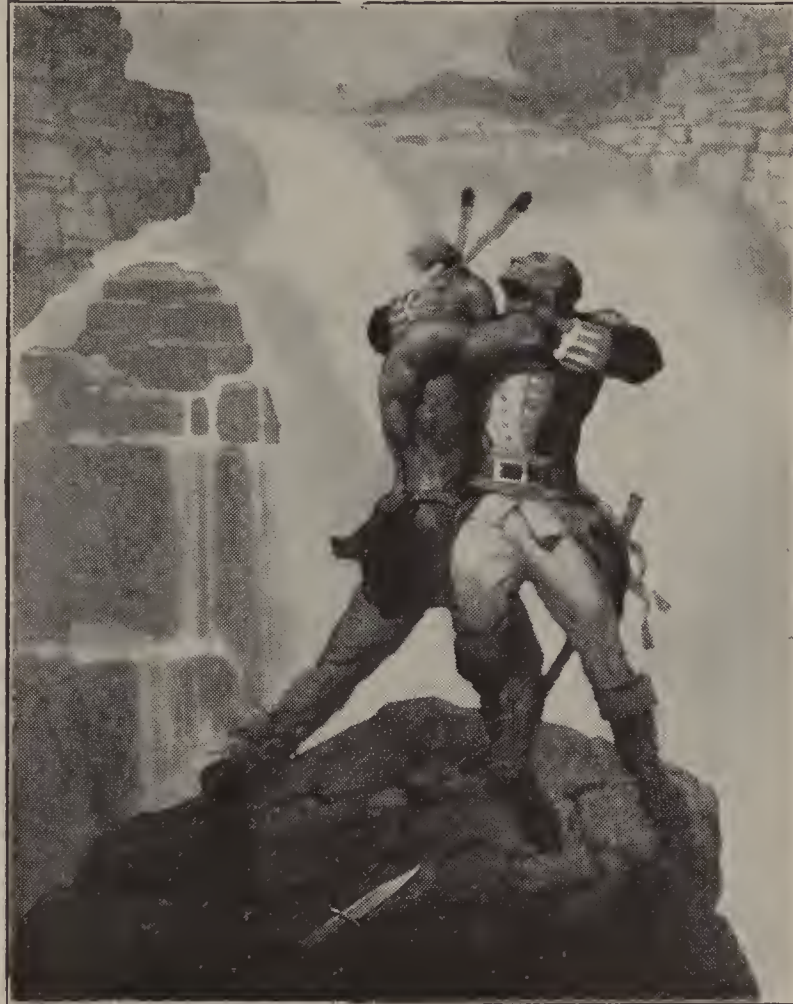
utter importance, would take an apple, sit down, pare it with his jackknife and eat it, all the while thinking and struggling with the problem that hung over him. It was one of his life's characteristics and Mrs. Lincoln saw that a *dish* of apples *was* kept in many of the rooms of the White House where they were handy at any time to the great president.

This same unceasingly alert, ever-searching attitude is likewise manifested in the First National Bank picture. This bank has from its very beginning played an important part in the financing of ship and marine interests and this bit of its history gave birth to the five panels that adorn the walls of its spacious offices, titled, "The Romance of Maritime Commerce".

I know of no picture from the earliest that Mr. Wyeth has produced in which this spirit of life is absent. Be the subject what it may—that feeling of life—the very thought that it exists—that it is a part of this universe, a cosmic greatness in itself, is ever the outstanding feature of his work. Vital in every phase, his work has won him the reputation which he justly deserves, America's foremost illustrator. After all, what is a great artist but an illustrator whose work or tale is keenly told—never overstated—flowing like a stream whose water, though ever the same, washes many shores. It becomes with us a thing of pure understanding; it has struck a sympathetic cord in our conception of life; it holds us, for it has tapped our hearts.



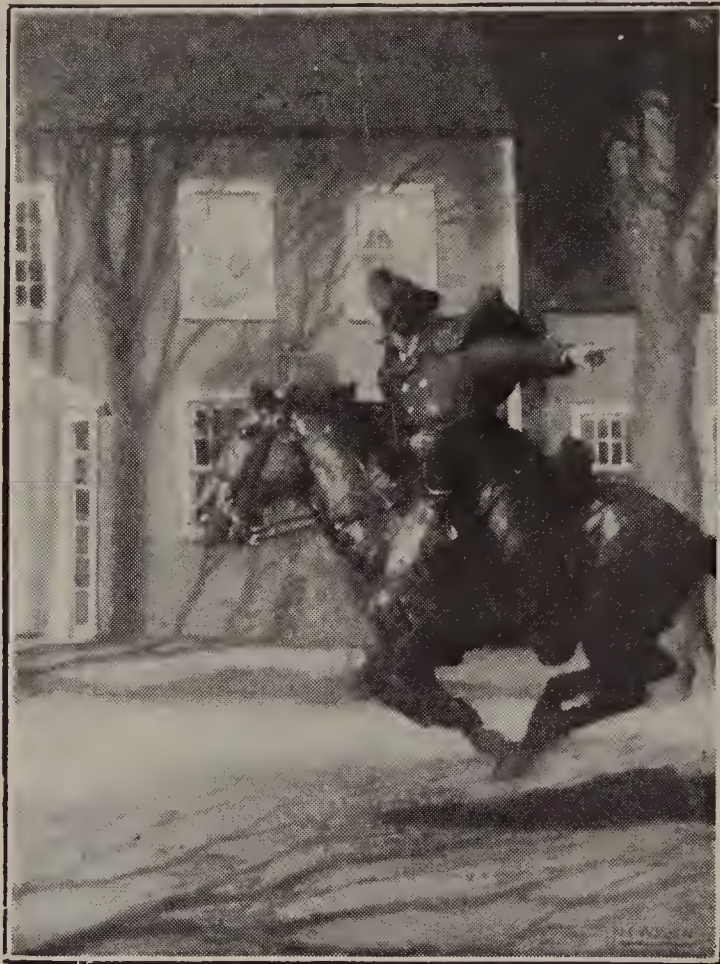
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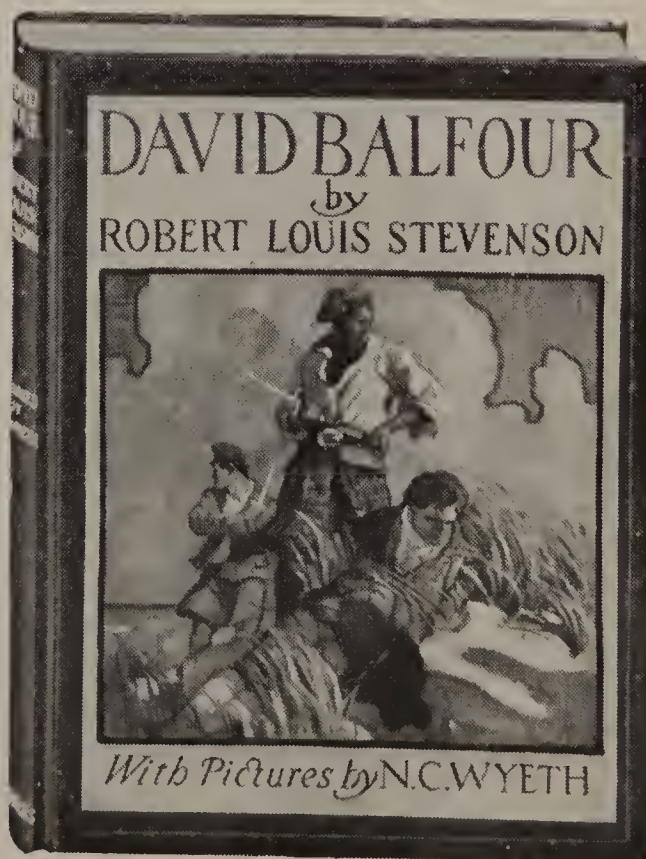
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Illustration From
"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM"



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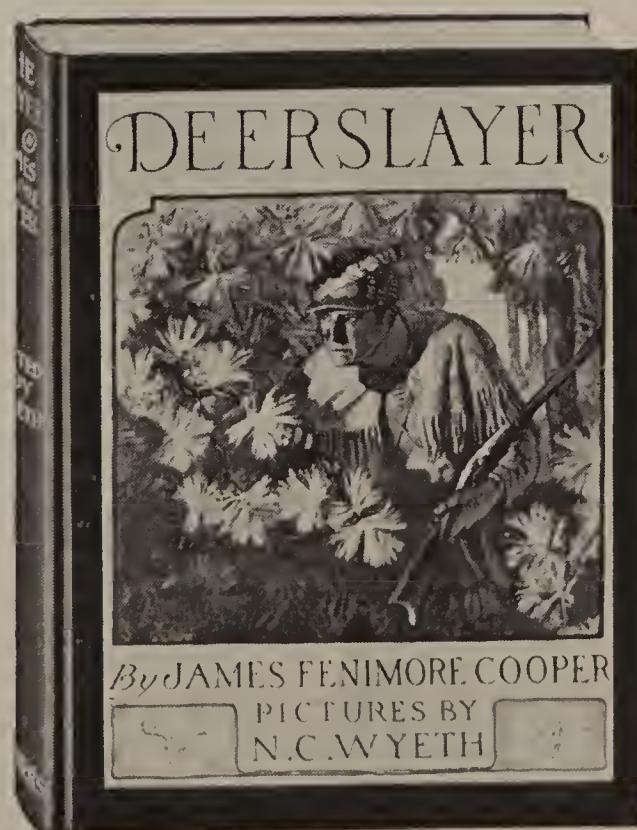


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ILLUSTRATION FROM "DAVID BALFOUR"

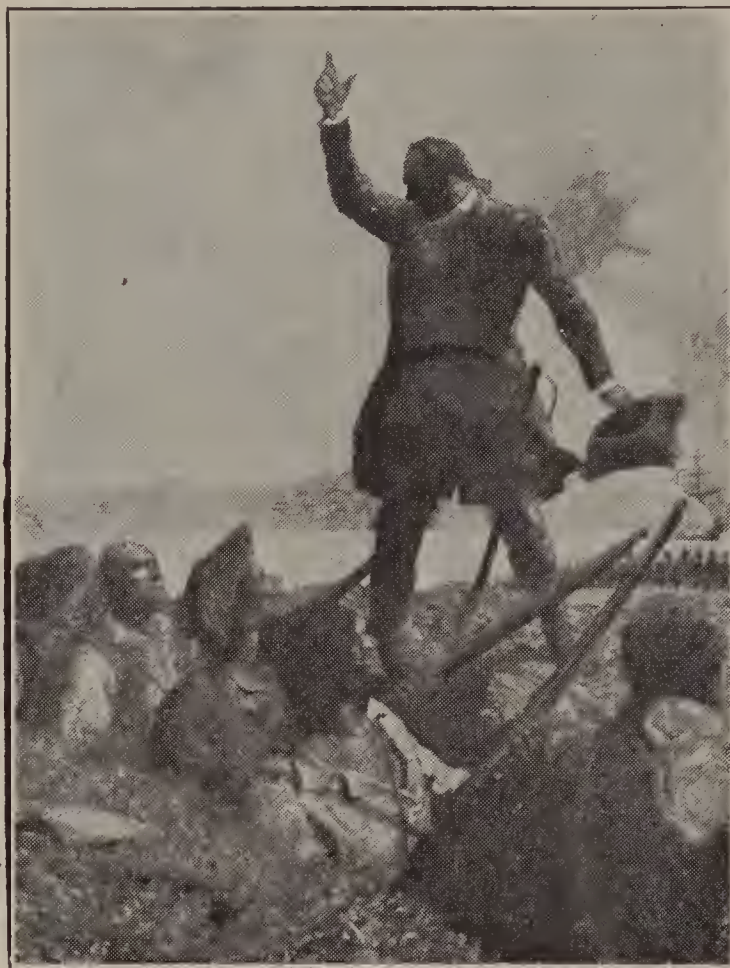


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ILLUSTRATION FROM "POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM"



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PROM PREPAREDNESS

Boy: "You'll never get by on Perspective, kid, that drawing looks as tho it had the wee-waws!"

Girl: "Well, you're the freshest guy I ever saw, if you have got curly lashes. I don't care if I can't do Perspective, I sure can Charleston." (Pause) "They say that the Junior Prom is going to be some grand little affair."

Boy: "Zat so!"

Girl: "It's going to be some time in May."

Boy: "Is that a hint?"

Girl: "No, I never hint."

Boy: "I understand it's to be a very formal affair."

Girl: "Yes, have you a dress suit? You'll have to wear a dress suit and it will probably cost you three dollars a couple. Have you got three dollars and a dress suit?"

Boy: "I have the three dollars but not the dress suit."

Girl: "That is too bad, I would love so much to dance with you. Perhaps they would let you in if you wore a tuxedo."

Boy: "I haven't one but I suppose I could get one. (Examining drawing) You have forgotten to use a zero point for the corner of your house."

Girl: "I should worry, zero points don't bother me, I'll fix it some other time. I've got to be starting for home because it takes forty-five minutes to make it. I live on Beacon Street, 1056's my number. I have a brother, but he doesn't stay up late. We might get quite well acquainted before May, dontcher think?"

Boy: "I don't even know your name yet. Let me see your drawing. Oh—now I know!"

Girl: "You can get my whole pedigree in Mr. Wilder's office"

Boy: "Well, I'm going now. That's my girl waiting in the hall. I hope you find a fellow with the three dollars and a dress suit!"

(Exit)

M. P.

Barber: "Your hair is getting gray, sir."

Customer: "Well, I'm not surprised. Hurry up."

A WEAVER OF DREAMS

Cabbages and Kings—Cabbages and Kings! A king may disdain a cabbage, but a cabbage may dream upon a king. Why need I sigh? Sorrow is without end and we, we are nothing—both—Cabbages and Kings!

So I dreamed I was a king.

I built my palace there within the garden wall where the wild flower is the sweetest, where the sky is like a bowl of blue, and Mother Earth the only love I ever knew.

I heard the whisper of the green things day by day, the murmur of the wind among the trees by night; I heard the stir of life within my court among the bees, the birds, the flowers, the stars. And all day long from morn till night my Mother Earth did sing to me.

In glee I threw away my shoes, my socks, my cloak, my cares—my age—I ripped my fine white shirt upon a briar rose to smell its sweetness under morning dew, while by the chattering brook I found the blue of Iris eyes. I tasted ripe red berries growing by the wall where robins flinted with the pansies smiling sweetly in the sun. What richer king than I!

It mattered naught that life went by my kingdom gate like shadows on a dusty road, for life to me was very strange however fair I found it there within my garden wall.

So by and by I longed beyond this garden gate of mine; what restless weaver is content to tarry when life looks in to take him from his dreams? With foolish eyes I lingered at the gate—yet forth upon that dusty road winding up the downs and out of sight. I knew the earth was rich with dead beneath the wavy plumes of grass and honeysuckle too, but yet I fain would go. I saw the smoke rise from the towers of Lifetown jutting into my bowl of blue—I wept. And Mother Earth grew sadder in her pain to let her dreamer go.

My kingdom there within the garden gate grew misty with my wrong. How blind we are to live in discontent!—But God comes over the dusty roads with rain—and death. I crouched behind the gate.

(Continued on Page Thirty-one)



EDITORIAL

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time for that is the stuff life is made of."

We all, of course, have seen the exhibition of the House Beautiful covers at the Copley Library. And we know—or some of us do—that the first and second prize-winners are graduates of the Normal Art School.

What a reputation we have to live up to!

The long waiting-list, and the crowd of students that have to be turned away each term show us what an "A number 1 school" we are attending.

We who are so lucky as to be admitted are naturally expected to show an interest—and a lively one. I wonder if we do.

The faculty is of the best, and we are so accustomed to that "Best" that we fail to appreciate the worth of making each minute count for something. So we waste their time as well as our own—a thing which we have no right to do.

Did you ever stop to think what different people accomplish in the same twenty-four hours?

Kipling says:

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
with sixty seconds worth of distance
run,
Yours is the earth and everything
that's in it."

But there is always a day of reckon-

ing—and by then it is going to be too late to take advantage of the opportunities that offer themselves to us every day—right now.

If you are studying in the design studio, you have heard a phrase about it being "not our sins that get us into trouble, but our stupidity."

Some of us seem to have been blessed with an over-amount of that stupidity.

But we must eat, and rest period is a convenient time. What if one doesn't get back to class, there's always another day. Then, too, the Movies for general education. And we all go out at night more or less—and it is always best to leave class in the afternoon in order to get home soon enough to be entirely ready.

On the other hand, have you seen the students who get into school at nine o'clock in the morning—every morning—work all day, and often until Mr. Sheldon reminds them to go home? There are such, if one would take the trouble to notice, and they are the ones who are learning to draw—who are taking advantage of the opportunities, who with their "pores wide open" are seeping up knowledge as they breathe.

And these are the ones whom the Art school will point to with pride in the future and say, "This is their Alma Mater!"

M. E. HOLMES.

ON APPRECIATION

I like Connecticut. It is endless delight to me to know that right next New York, between there and the "Hub," and in the heart of a section properly supposed to be sacrificed to hurried money-coining is a land which has much of that homely, mellow, country look that calls up pictures of its earliest Dutch tacking up the broad peaceful river and there are,

in some of its remoter parts, souvenirs of the Indians!

The modern, metallic nomads follow the shore line or the river which bisects the state from its northern boundary to its Sound shore, running east from the mouth of the Hudson. These are the two main arteries of travel. From the pleasant capitol at Hartford, south-

ward, one passes through excellent little towns built back of their shading elms, now through fields of tobacco springing in rich dark soil, now near the river on which is a little steamboat hanging between a plume of smoke and the mirror which is the water; there across rolling sunlit country is a little spire, rarely seen. If you are on a wheel and it's summertime, you will coast down a long grade and around a bend at the bottom there'll be a little brook through a culvert running down to parent water and a hay cart taking it easy on the up grade, losing some of its load on hanging shade tree branches. At twilight, when the train on the Valley Branch comes hooting up the track, the farmers' cars disclose to you their byways, when with tracking dust clouds they chortle between fields and pasture to the depot and then reluctantly away leaving the air to the telegraph instrument and the sound of crickets. Down through Deep River to Westbrook and over the tracks of the Shore Line Railroad, from the crown of a smoke-stained bridge the green and red signal lights prick out along a seasoned right of way and there's just a glint of the polished brass rear rail of the last eastbound flier almost in to Saybrook. Pedaling softly through magical land ever darkening to richer values against yellow sky purpling in the east, through the landward reach of a wide marsh cut in fantastic channels of black and gold tidewater which laps against a lobsterman's sharpie when it's moored under his shanty's string piece, one passes through a reach of scrub birch and little flickers of yellow trunks in ruddy brown and tiny green leaves where for a space there are no houses. Now through Clinton in gathering darkness, then over familiar hills, now with a sweep of the Sound and a flash of beacon light, now past a group of lighted houses with their unlighted outbuildings clustering close and a sound of distant freight train rumbling over a trestle. The air is cooler, like water after wine, less flavored but more sweet, and the road becomes a carpet in the darkness; the cold damp of the handlebars rouses one to the joys of journey's end at Madison, which being the fairy land of childhood, is forever fairyland. Gram's is there and Gram

and a maiden aunt—and several years ago Grandfather, who exerted during the fifty odd years of his married life all the power and ingenuity of a Yankee farmer in the pursuit of happiness, which seems to be about all we're required to do. Gramp "never made much bones of things," life never impressed him as a squirrel cage; a lean body but rich in dignity. He would sit on the shelf, as Gram called their narrow porch which ran around two sides of the house, and pulling slowly and strongly on his pipe, he would watch the fading light in the west while listening gravely to the bright talk of the women-folks. I think the low contented quacking of waterfowl in the marsh at night must all be carried on by the ducks—the occasional and apparently routine quawk being the sole contribution of the drakes; at least Gramp's grave affirmative seemed part of a ritual.

After dusk and increased activities of mosquitoes had sent the ladies to trim the lamps, my grandfather would sometimes tell me things;—mind you, he was a man! He'd been so busy behind the brick wall at Gettysburg that he hadn't realized it was history, and they say that the day the twins came he ran down the middle of the street, each bony end finger rigidly aloft, shouting "Two!" like the persistent tooting of a locomotive. Gramp in the field and Gram and Georgie, my aunt, in and out of the house. Gram is perpetual youth; not a year ago I saw her face light as beautifully as a child's at unexpectedly hearing a cousin's voice by radio. She told me once it took all her courage when she and Grandfather took over the tumbledown place that was to be home. At that time Gramp was just mustered out of the army and having Gram must have been a bit of heaven, but Gram was the home-builder and such a poor start must have been disheartening. Through the years, magical changes were made; the road was disciplined to run back of lilacs, dahlias and a bit of white fence possessed by amorous "Dotty Perkins," beautiful old shade trees, spruce, and pine, and a few hardwoods (beautiful against the white trimmed yellow house) were as invited guests and with courtesy entertained. A beautiful little symmetrical elm, which my oldest brother had plant-

ed on the west lawn, had phenomenal growth and was a constant delight, though in my less generous days I never could see that Raymond accomplished such a deal. "See, Georgie, Raymond's elm throws a shadow clear to the Ramblers this year!"

Gramp, man-like, found beauty back pasture; he had much to do in the fields, but a farmer does things grandly in full sympathy with the soil. I was never so proud as when walking alertly ahead of a creaking cart in a sun flooded shorn hay field. I loved forking the fragrant mounds to Gramp astraddle the weathered oaken cradle, making up the load for the barn. Long jolting rides back of old Prince and strong Jim; up into brushwood for stubborn bovines lingering in the grazing after sun down; out to the pen next the corn crib to watch the wet nosed rooters grunt and squeal in perfect discord with one another, for the deep end of the trough. We've seen deer on the back lots, Gramp and I!

He died a while back. Georgie said he wouldn't want us to be morbid when he went down but we felt his greatness. Gram sat quietly when her duties allowed and wondered had she done everything for him, and we kissed her. His daughters' husbands reverently laid him at rest on a wet day in March when his fields were feeling the first stir of the season. I stayed on with his only son, who shapes more to his father's mold every year, "Just," as the folks said, "so we wouldn't all go at once." Oh, how dear that place was growing! How sweet the smell of spring, how tender that a man should die with things he had cared for beautifying the air with fragrance and a delightful sight in his memory! The school folks hauled me on to the carpet when I got back and wanted to know why I was away so long; when they didn't accept my reluctant attempt at explanation I just didn't care a damn.

Up back from the pasture behind the barn and chicken yard there's a field; there is a lane winding up around a rocky knoll and from the morning glories next the kitchen, one can just see the posts of the gate where the path enters this further field. The upper side of this field is the crest of rather high ground and, at one point, out-cropping ledges

and a few glacial boulders are partially covered with a bit of ragged birch growth, some sumac, some rank weed and two splendid cedars.

Now it's a far cry from Hartford to the cedars, yet Gramp loved these trees and he loved the countryside, and to things he didn't understand he was right friendly. When he got up for the morning milking and the world was misty and the myriad little dewdrops crusting everything made the world glow with limpid light, these two trees were a friendly sturdy sight, even as they were in winter, against a vivid sky and brilliant snow. Gram said he called them the Sentinels.

Some boys cut one down while Georgie and Gram were away last winter; some husky little devils probably, with a new axe and bad manners. I was back with them when Gram went to the kitchen window to greet the soldiers up on the post and the one little fellow there alone had lost some of youth. Gram's a true artist though, and a thorough sport; if that which in some manner embodies an ideal is taken from us, we've still the ideal, and beauty is all around us.

When the golf course is made on the pasture land (they have had to sell all but the immediate grounds), the other soldier will probably be whacked down. Gram will probably be gone then, perhaps some of the rest of us, but the place will ever be a delight to those of us who have loved it. The links will probably be beautiful too; there'll be lots of little shavers to grow up with them as part of their arena, and the view from the tenth or the sweet sweep of the twelfth fairway will be joyful to many souls.

We are continually striving to make our surroundings harmonize with feelings never quite understood and if fate or the country club casts a golf course into our pastures—well—let's see how turf will look on those hills.

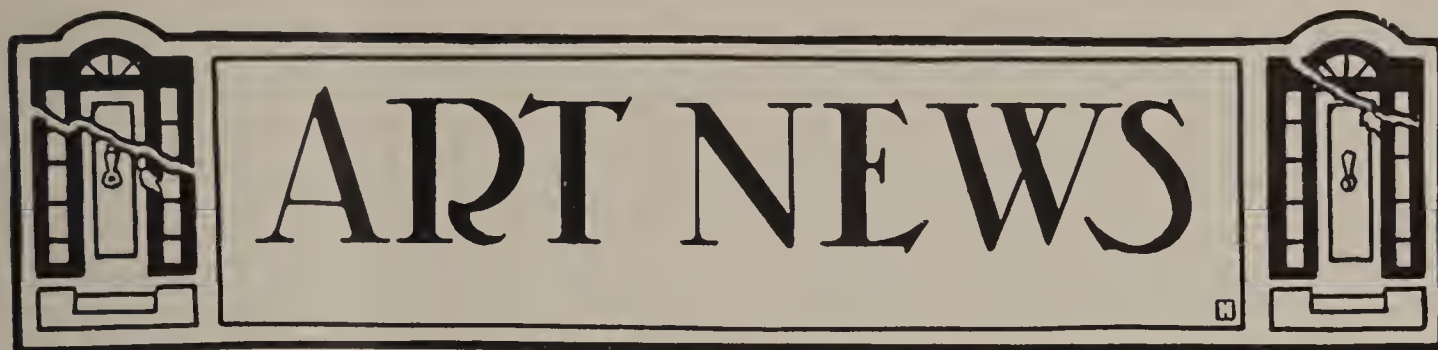
SCRANTON H. REDFIELD.

"Tom, go fetch the old horse."

"Why the old horse, Father?"

"Wear out the old ones first, that's my motto."

"Well then, Father, you fetch the horse."



ART NEWS

During January, John Young-Hunter was exhibiting landscapes and portraits at the Copley Galleries. Mr. Young-Hunter, reared in a cultural atmosphere of the best in art, is a normal, sound, academic painter, essentially of portraiture. His landscapes with their clarity and resonance of color resemble water color. They are vivid, fluent representations of nature in varied garb. The two pool pieces are especially vivacious. In his portraits, this artist shows remarkable facility, almost off-hand ease. He paints decisively, reproducing flesh tints and tonal values as they appear to him. There is little of the psychologist or impressionist about this man. His "Mrs Colin Hunter" is a canvas showing sheer ability to paint cleverly. His colors are remarkably clear and transparent and quite true as to value and chroma. His drawing is excellent. The portrait of "George Sumner Barton" is a well constructed one, with a feeling of organized life about it. The two little girls are charming and portrayed with such commendable grace and ingenuousness. The study of W. Bourke Cochran, orator, is one of his earlier and most conscientious works. The feeling of flesh and structure is excellent. He shows his power to portray texture in his "The Gray Dress." That is in reality a lovely still life. At times this young man paints almost too readily but if we may believe the late John S. Sargent, he is "one of the best English artists of the day."

During the last of January occurred a members' exhibit at the Boston Art Club. Although this club, by exhibiting nouveau art, has attempted to arouse interest in new tendencies and out-reachings, the members have contributed mostly conservative art, normal and ordinary with regard for the canons of draftsmanship and picturization. The outstanding achievement of the exhibit is the large,

decorative canvas by Charles Hopkinson. It shows young girls, characteristically poised against a summer sky beside a blue sea. The effect of sunlight, air, and warmth is extraordinary. It is well composed and nicely unified. No part is carefully studied, but all parts are flaccidly but robustly painted. Near this is a chic Charles Hovey Pepper and a Carl Cutler. Louis Kronberg's "Gypsy Belle" is a striking portrait, as are those by Howard Smith. Schmidt also has one of his simply effective portraits, "The Amber Necklace." There are several good marines as Woodward's "North Atlantic," or Pavlosky's boat pictures or Jonas Lie's "Out to Sea." Vesper George has a romantic Spanish canvas of a fortune teller. Many artists familiar to us are represented: Kaula, Spier, Perkins, Enneking, Nordell, Cross, and Chase.

The last of January, William Kaula was showing an attractive group of his oil landscapes. Mr. Kaula's work is unmistakable—soft, harmonious, and feminine in its representation. His very mountains are not awesome but prettily satisfying. One may prefer more grandeur, more ruggedness, more stark reality, more staccato, but must acknowledge the sensuous appeal of his delicate skies, his dusty hills, his sureness of composition and his swaying foliage. Mr. Kaula's pictures are of unvarying value, one being as well executed as another. For this reason, it is hard to choose the most effective. "Autumn in Temple," "Sunlight and Shadow," "October Afternoon" are as good as any.

Stanley Woodward's exhibit of marines at the Casson Galleries was a remarkable one, one to merit the name that Woodward has for being one of the foremost marine painters of America. This artist's technique is powerful, broad, and sure; his subjects fascinating and awe-inspiring; his manner virile, facile,

competent, in response to the mighty beauty of nature, and epic in its grandeur. His rock bound coasts, spray beaten, are stern prototypes of any bit of shore from Nahant to Maine with a sensitized appreciation for its ruggedness and strength. "Moonlight," on the other hand, shows a strength of subtlety rather than of appearance. The two moonlight canvases have a fine romantic quality and feeling for night at sea. The landscapes are well and broadly painted, but lack the charm and appeal of the ocean scenes. "Mid Atlantic" and "Blue Gulf" are two admirable canvases.

The first of February, William Paxton was showing some of his impeccable works—oils and drawings, at the Guild. Whether one likes Mr. Paxton's work or not, he must admit his ability to draw faithfully, truly, and accurately. He certainly "makes" everything and is a realist to the core, with none of the shapeless or impressionistic about his work. His fine, clear color is a joy and his technique as smooth as an eggshell. Appreciation of this surface is a matter of taste. Pretty, fatuously painted, spirit and depth of feeling seem lacking. The ordinary, simple-minded critic will enjoy this show immensely.

The Robert C. Vose Galleries scored another triumph by securing the paintings of Nicalai Techin for exhibition. Although Russian, this artist shows none of the geometric nouveau tendencies of most of his modern confreres. In the first place, his drawing is excellent, his object realism, and his technique a remarkably personal one. The extraordinary and varied methods of applying paint produce a very lovely effect and resemble the facture of Mancini. More outstanding than any characteristic is the painter's talent for color harmony. Every canvas is a beautiful, easy, graceful ensemble of color design, almost tapestry-like. His portraits are not so much head studies as they are a glorified canvas envelope. The most intriguing and satisfying portrait is that of Mme. Sapojnikoff. The most effective is that of David Burliuk, a clever portrayal of fatuous egoism; the most humorous, that of the laughing negress, Lucy; the prettiest, that of Lillian Gish. At times, Techin's work is almost too pretty, show-

ing a lack of depth, but on the whole it is harmonious, subtle, artful, brilliant. His landscape sketches are broadly done, compelling and vital. "Mojave Desert" is especially masterful.

At the Museum of Fine Arts in February was an unusual exhibition of contemporary Italian Art. It comprised some two hundred ninety pieces, including tapestries, paintings, sculptures, etchings, drawings and other examples of decorative art. Some of it is good, some inept, and some bad. Mancini's work is excellent art in experimental yet decisive, tentative yet positive, modern yet sane. His power of suggestion is subtle and cleverly practised. It is interesting to note the change in technique from the smooth surface of the little boy study to the paint encrusted surface of his "Lady with a Scarf." He is a good draftsman, a master of color harmony and a devotee of aestheticism. Spadini's work is flaccidly pleasant, movable and facile. He obtains an alluring, opalescent flesh tone that is very attractive. His study of a mother and child is typically representative. His drawing is not mechanically studied nor his values especially natural, but his feeling for beauty and spirit is exemplary. Boldini's work is masterly and academic. His portrait of Whistler is brilliant and his little picture of two costumed figures is exquisite. All his painting is exact, conscientiously but lovingly executed. The other paintings are not so apt, and very flat, bent-necked portraits of modigliani are but distortions. The sculptures are in most cases normal and well modelled. The half formulated pieces are interesting if a bit puzzling and exclude a certain sympathetic artistry.

The last of February, paintings of the Canadian Rockies by Belmore Brown were on exhibition at The Casson Galleries. These canvases are well composed depictions in a medium key, clearly and straightforwardly painted. Snow-capped peaks, dark masses of evergreens, cold blue lakes, and ice go to make his pictures. His values are not studied with nicety so that one does not get the stunning effects of sunlight and shade that more clever artists obtain. Although in no way remarkable with its ordinary technique and normal reaction, this work

is a serious attempt to portray the grandeur of the austere noble country.

The paintings, drawings, and lithographs by Flora Lion at The Vose Galleries are the handsome works of a talented woman who seems to have painted most of the notables and nobility of England. Mrs. Lion's outstanding virtue is her flair for style and grand manner. Like her English contemporaries, Flora Lion has an assertive touch without the searching understanding of values and academic draftsmanship of our best American painter. Her feeling for charm at times outweighs her groping for truth. The place of honor is held by a large canvas of a group of three, H. R. H. The Duchess of York, Lady Elphensbone, and Lady Rose Leveson-Goeve. The canvas is impressive in its grand apparition. Personal characterization is often shallow so that one leaves the gallery with but the remembrance of many prettily pictured women. Among the most penetrating portraits is that of H. E. Marquis de Merry del Val and a London Flower Girl. Ralph Lion Esquire is a well painted study of a striking, dark man, seated against a blue curtain. Among the black and white studies are Sir John Lavery, who looks like a competent English merchant, Sir Arthur Rackham, queerly resembling a member of the clergy, John Drenhevalu, and C. Lewis Hind.

The water colors by Alden Ripley shown at The Guild, the last of February, are the extraordinary work of a young man, scarcely more than a student. Crisp coloring, direct, unflinching address, excellent perspective, and feeling for the planes of distances, unfaltering choice of composition distinguish the show. Painting in the South, a land of strong sunlight, this artist has worked in a key well suited to reproduce light, air and luminous shadow. "The White Street" is particularly clever. "An Interior from Tyrol" is a rich study, satisfying as an oil; market places, towers, watersides are all glowingly depicted.

Downstairs at the Guild was a show of water color marines by Charles Woodbury. This man's water colors are clear and transparent, spontaneous and joyful, but seem a little blond in coloration. The compositions are invariably well ar-

ranged but lack something in vigor. The rocks seem not as jaggedly cruel nor his water as grimly relentless as reality. His water swirls and moves but does not threaten nor thrill. The big oil is more waterful and typical of vast mid ocean.

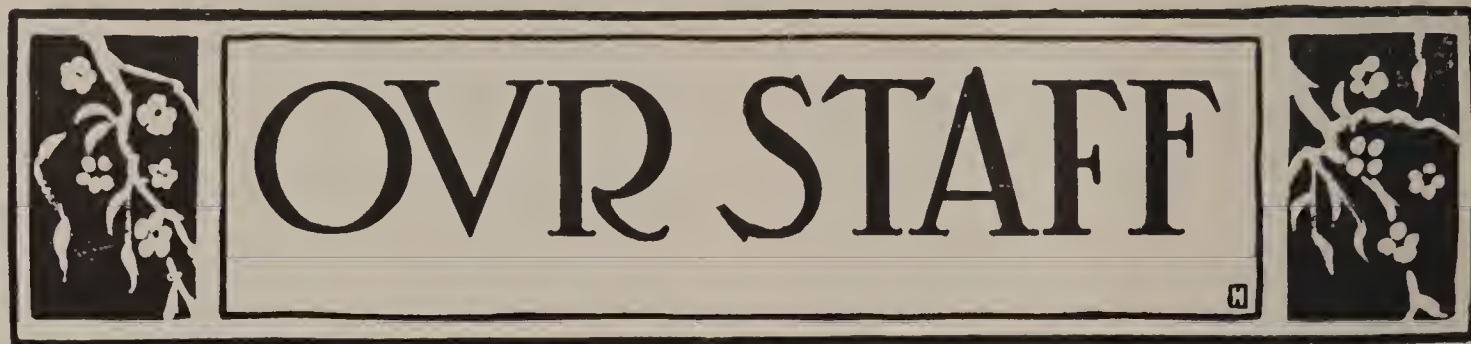
At The Copley Galleries, the first of March, was a portrait exhibit of Hermann Hanatschek, a Czecho-Slovakian artist. This show is not only remarkable for numbering President Calvin Coolidge among its canvases, but for its own merits. Characterization, obtained by a careful study of planes, planal values and planal outlines, is consequently forceful and individual. The portrait of Calvin Coolidge is a study of a good looking man of purpose and decision. Hanatschek is no satirist but rather a painter who emphasizes his sitters' good points. His technique is sure, firm, and pleasing with exactitude shown in the delineation of the features. The portrait of Rea is that of a clever executive and handsome in all respects. His color sense is remarkable and the canvas of "Anne Tracy," all gold and browns and blue, is a veritable symphony of color harmony.

Another portrait show of charm is that by our instructor, Frederick Wallace, at Doll and Richard's. Wallace's approach in portraiture is more subtle than that of the Czecho-Slav. Characterization is obtained by careful modeling and understanding of his model. His crayon technique is exquisite.

Simultaneously at Doll and Richard's was a sea picture exhibit by John Benson. The canvases show luminosity, satisfactory for marine rendition. "Moonlight," a small canvas in monochrome blue, is a delightful bit of night painting, with the romantic appeal of mystery and dusk. The paintings are not particularly rich nor violent with the strength of the sea, but are quite pretty pieces of decoration enhanced by rosy clouds, billowing sails and blue waters.

At the Boston Art Club was an exhibit of modern art by American artists trying the manner and gestures of Cezanne, Reviver and Matisse. The idea seems to be to get a big kick into their work with almost any method of queer perspective, abrupt separations and distortionism.

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No. 4

A TRUE STORY OF THE LINCOLN
MEMORIAL

The warm sunshine of North Carolina was calling to him, urging him to come and play and run and laugh, but the gentle voice of his patient teacher called him back from his dreaming and once more little Henry applied himself drearily to his mathematical tasks.

Upon the margin of his worn books were traced sketches of houses, churches and cartoons of his classmates, crude and untrained perhaps, but alive with imagination and talent, for his pencil was Henry's source of greatest delight. The artistic urge within him could not be stilled and his fingers ached for the training which would express his dreams.

Was he scolded for neglecting his lessons? Ah no, for the insight of his teacher was that of the character builder and the trained mind, and she recognized the cleverness of the lad, encouraging him on and on in the development of his gift.

Many times as he grew older the lad became discouraged and declared that he was mistaken in thinking that he could ever succeed, but still his kind childhood teacher inspired him to do great things

and to keep on trying. For some years he worked and as he studied he wrote long and often to his little lady who believed in his success. She had the utmost faith in his talent and this faith created a bond which lasted thru the years and spanned oceans, for during many of the years of Henry's training, his former teacher was in Japan, but across the seas her letters still came to him. He came to call her his Princess and dear to her heart during the months of suffering which filled the last years of her life, were the long letters written to "My dear Princess."

Years passed. The opportune time had at last come when America desired to express honor and gratitude to her beloved hero, Abraham Lincoln, in a memorial at Washington, Capital City of the great nation which he had loved and served.

The government commission appointed at Washington to oversee the landscape development of the capital city, chose the site of the memorial and said in their report:

"Crowning the rond-point, as the 'Arc de Triomphe' crowns the Place de l'Etoile at Paris, should stand a memorial erected to the memory of that one man in our history as a nation who is worthy to be named with George Washington—Abraham Lincoln.

Whatever may be the exact form selected for the memorial to Lincoln, in type it should possess the quality of universality, and also it should have a character essentially different from that of any monument either now existing in the District or hereafter to be erected. The type which the Commission has in mind is a great portico of Doric Columns rising from an unbroken stylobate. This portico, while affording a point of vantage from which one obtains a commanding outlook, both upon the river and eastwards to the capital, has for its chief function to support a panel bearing an inscription taken either from the Gettysburg speech or from some one of the immortal messages of the savior of the Union." This was the first conception of the Memorial.

Our country's most skillful architects competed for the honor of designing the great work. Among these was Henry Bacon, a follower and student of the great McKim, dean of architects of this country and the man who has done most among us to bring the art of Greece into noble use.

The model which Henry Bacon designed was exquisite in its grace of proportion, its sense of unity and strength, symbolic of the character of the man it was designed to commemorate. Around the model, in each minute detail, Henry Bacon placed carefully planned bits of artificial shrubbery, stretches of velvety lawns and the mirror-like reflecting pool which should catch in the one end the image of the Lincoln Memorial and in the opposite end the great marble needle erected to the memory of Washington.

Life-long efforts were concentrated upon the design for which he was competing, for to succeed in this ambition would be some reward for the faith which his Princess had shown in him.

The model was at last packed, crated and submitted among many others to the judges of the competition. Hopefully, despairingly, anxiously—Henry Bacon waited.

Days slipped by until that memorable morning which brought news of his success. His design was the chosen one and to him, Henry Bacon, belonged the honor of creating the design of the marble tribute to the great Lincoln. His temple was to enshrine the colossal figure of the loved man which had been created for the memorial by Daniel Chester French.

Immediately his thoughts flew to the one to whom his success would mean so much and to her he sent the first announcement of his good news. To her also, he sent the beautiful little model of the great structure which was to rise ten long years later in our beautiful capital city, when in the dedication speech it was spoken of as "a magnificent gem set in a lovely valley between the hills, commanding them by its isolation and its entrancing beauty, an emblem of the purity of the best period of the Greek art in the simple Doric, the culmination of the highest art of which America is capable and therefore fit to commemorate a people's love for the nation's savior and its great leader.

The city of Washington sought to honor the successful architect soon after the acceptance of his design and invitations were issued to a banquet at which the leaders of our nation were hosts. To this banquet Henry Bacon invited his Princess, but because of an injury which had long made her an invalid she could but caress her beautiful engraved and gold-encrusted state invitation with tender pride and send her heart-felt congratulations to her former pupil.

When the national functions were over and the great limousines of our statesmen were rolling homeward, Henry Bacon, with his brothers and sisters, went to a quiet little hotel where had been prepared for them a simple supper as like as possible to the evening meal which had been served to them in childhood years by their mother's hands. This was a sacrament of which Henry Bacon wished to partake in the hour of his success, in remembrance of his beloved mother.

At this meal was presented a cake, sent in token of her regard, from the Princess.
(Continued on Page Thirty-five)





CLASS NEWS

KEG

WITH THE SENIORS

Despite the storm, the seniors had a brilliant affair February 10, at the Alden Park Manor. The girls looked their prettiest and the men their best. It was well worth braving the elements, n'est-ce-pas?

Other notes are to the effect that the one and only senior sculptress, Catherine P. Jackson, is shyly wearing, once in a while, a scintillating solitaire. So, Catherine? Bonne chance!

A shower was given to Ruth F. Smith at Helen Bagley's home. Many of her classmates were there and Ruth received

many appropriate gifts. As we know, Ruth is engaged to James E. Powell.

We are involved in finishing up the term's problems, completing our thesis, rehearsing the pageant, which will be regiven soon for the alumni and friends of the school, and the thousand and one things that make senior life such a busy one.

One more thing, contributions are desired for the Senior number of the Art Gum. Give them to the Editor-in-chief or Jeanne E. Kantor, senior editor. Make the last number a fascinating full one. Each to his task!

JUNIOR JINGLES

We are pleased to report that two hundred dollars worth of year-book payment has been painfully extracted by the efficient members of the staff from loyal subscribers.

The Junior subscription list is nearly one hundred per cent. Hats off to ourselves. Juniors!

A weighty decision was recently settled at a Junior class meeting when we were confronted with the problem of having an informal dance or a Junior Prom. The die was cast in favor of a Prom, so Prom it is. Please reserve a heavy date for the event of the year, the exact time of which will be announced later. As is the Junior Prom the event of a Harvard student's life, so will the Junior Prom of the class of '27 be the event of student life this year at M.N.A.S. (Let us hope it won't snow!)

The plump ones among us are finding it a bit difficult to obtain "Nourishment Certificates" from our family physicians. Consequently, the lunchroom is a dark and dismal place until the hour of noon, per Mr. Farnum.

Spring fever seems to be around early this year, having already had a serious outbreak in the Junior Sociology class. An effective remedy administered by Miss Vaughn was followed by assistance from Miss Leek, which resulted in a speedy recovery from the symptoms of spring fever.

More significant third-finger jewelry is being worn in our class and if you want to see the latest sparkler just look for our most beaming, dimpling, smiling lassie. Just to give you a hint—she is often seen with our Linda; now have you guessed!

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The title is very misleading this month, fellow celebrities, but if we used an appropriate one we'd get fired. Perhaps we will anyway. Memo: "Lay it on thick and get fired. Then we can have some peace." Do *you* like to be in group photographs? Do *you*?

As we painfully yank this literary chef d'oeuvre out of our subconscious with terrible agony at each word, our mind is insanely Charlestoning to a cuckoo chorus that runs like this: Perspective Exam . . . William and Mary Sideboard . . . Warren Kane Vantine's . . . Rotten mark in History . . . 7-20-4 . . . Flunk in English . . . double gum wafers . . . Gulden's Mustard . . . Comp for Major . . . Perspective Stiffcat . . . See BEN HUR . . . due on Friday . . . Inverse Process . . . CATCH THAT KENMORE! . . . History of Furniture . . . use WET method . . . Gilded Kisses, *They Satisfy!* But when you read this (if you have such bad taste), all our worries will be over. We'll all be remembering what wonderful times we had during vacation, whether we did or not.

There is one thing we must set down for the benefit of posterity—the *fire drill*! On Thursday the fourth of March in 1926, Massachusetts School of Art, spon-

sored a unique and most beneficial social event, a fire drill, the first of such happy gatherings in which the present Sophomore class has ever participated. Although the drill was a pleasant surprise it somehow left us cold. The feature of the event was a vivacious impromptu dialogue between Miss Munsterberg and the Policeman.

The Dramatic Club is producing a delightful little one act play, "The Maker of Dreams" by Oliphant Downie. Representing the Sophomore Class are Margaret Hill as Pierette and Elmer Greene as Pierrot. We will see the play at assembly some Wednesday.

One of the nicest and most popular girls in the class has left us to go to work. We wish the best of good luck to Mildred Ellis.

We have saved the choicest bit of nonsense—the idea, say you, only two real notes?—for the grand finale. The Sophomore Class, having more or less creditably survived, Hayings is almost ecstatically happy. We don't have any more Perspective, hurrah! hurrah! If you have anything worse bring it on. Nothing? Then we have conquered the Champion kill-joy!

Vivez les Rois!

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Some of our classmates are predestined for the stage! The Repertory Theatre has given them a chance to show their dramatic talents. Although they are only slaves, Leo Cole, Dorothy Van Dunker, Margaret Ross, Andrew Flagg, Marjorie Soderland, and Esther Maxfield do not worry. They do not intend to be slaves to Cleopatra all their lives, but they know every good workman starts at the bottom and works up. Already, Marjorie Soderland is playing a harp. She certainly has risen!

There are possibilities of fame for our school-mates, even though it be acting instead of painting portraits.

Many of us have seen these young actors in their amateurish parts. A few more years and we may all see them on the bulletin boards as great dramatists.

With Leo Cole as chairman, and Ralph Shepherd, Margaret Hall, Paul Winters and Floyd Hardy on the committee, a Freshman Dance has been planned for April ninth. It ought to be quite an original affair, if we are to judge by its name.

It is to be called a Bug House Dance. Just what the connection is, I do not see; perhaps, the only relationship is the two dollars a couple for admission.

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ADVICE

"Go," said the Voice which dismisses the soul on its way to inhabit an earthly frame. "Go; thy lot shall be to speak of trees, from the cedar even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; and of beasts also, and of fowls, and of fishes. All thy ways shall be ordered for thee, so that thou shalt learn to speak of these things as no man ever spoke before. Thou shalt rise unto great honour among men. Many shall love to hear thy voice above all the voices of those who speak. This is a great gift. Thou shalt also enjoy the tender love of wife and children. Yet the things which men desire most—riches, rank, independence, ease, health, and long life—these are denied to thee. Thou shalt always be poor; thou shalt live in humble places; the goad of necessity shall continually prick thee to work when thou wouldst meditate; to write when thou wouldst walk forth to observe. Thou shalt never be able to sit down to rest; thou shalt be afflicted with plaguy diseases; and thou shalt die when little more than half the allotted life of man is past. Go, therefore. Be happy with what is given, and lament not over what is denied."

WALTER BESANT.

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(Continued from Page Twenty-seven)

Some of the canvases are clever, few are pleasing, some are nothing short of funny. The canvas showing a man facing a fish-eyed, gaping woman might be called "The First Proposal" and get a good laugh anywhere. Some of the painters search only for essentials, forgetting values, subtlety of color, exquisite-ness of draftsmanship,—forgetting, in short, beauty itself. Is Art beauty or is it not?

ANATOMICAL FOOLISHNESS

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee
Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of your head
What jewels are found?
Who travels the bridge of your nose?
If you want to shingle the roof of your
mouth
Would you use the nails of your toes?
Or beat the drum of your ear?
Can the calf of your leg eat the corn
on your toe?
Then why not grow corn on your ear?
Can the crook in your elbow be sent to
jail?
If so, what did it do?
How can you sharpen your shoulder
blade?
I'll be darned if I know, do you?
Can you sit in the shade of the palm
of your hand?

—HAMILTON ROYAL GABOON

SOMETIMES

Sometimes from out the crowded throng
Some face just haunts me all day long,
And when dim twilight drops her veil,
My silver ships of fancy sail
Across the rosy sea of dreams,
Where yet they come to me it seems—
The faces passing to and fro
And that one face I'd like to know.

M. PAGE.

(Continued from Page Twenty-one)

And on they came, those muffled hoof-beats on that muddy road—with rain. Black! Black! Black! Black!—that regal cortege winding pitifully to the grave. And Mother Earth held out her warm brown arms for me to see—the KING—wizened, worn, unhappy—laid to rest at last.

Life is like that, so come what may, we still must dream—Cabbages and Kings—Cabbages and Kings! A king may disdain a cabbage, but a cabbage may dream upon a king. Why need I sigh? Sorrow is without end, and we, we are nothing—both—Cabbages and Kings!

ALLA.

(Continued from Page Twenty-nine)

cess. Tears filled the clear eyes of the great architect as he ate of the cake which had come from his dear teacher. His thoughts drifted back over the years to the little schoolroom where his dreams had been born and nurtured, to the carefully preserved letters which had brought to him her never failing sympathy, and to the tender cameo face, now framed in hair of silver-white. Across the miles he sent unspoken words—"To you, dear Princess, I owe it all."

Some one has said that it is not what we ourselves accomplish that counts, but what we inspire others to do.

M. E. PAGE.

AFTERWARD

He: Do you think she could guess,
From the look in my eyes,
How I longed to caress?
Do you think she could guess,
From the look in my eyes?

She: Why didn't he try?
He was awfully stupid,
He might know that I—
Why didn't he try?
He acted, oh fie,
As if playing with Cupid!
Why didn't he try?
He was awfully stupid.

—"Bates Student"

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